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OCTOBER 8, 1897.

No. 1.

The

Dr W H Chandler jun 97

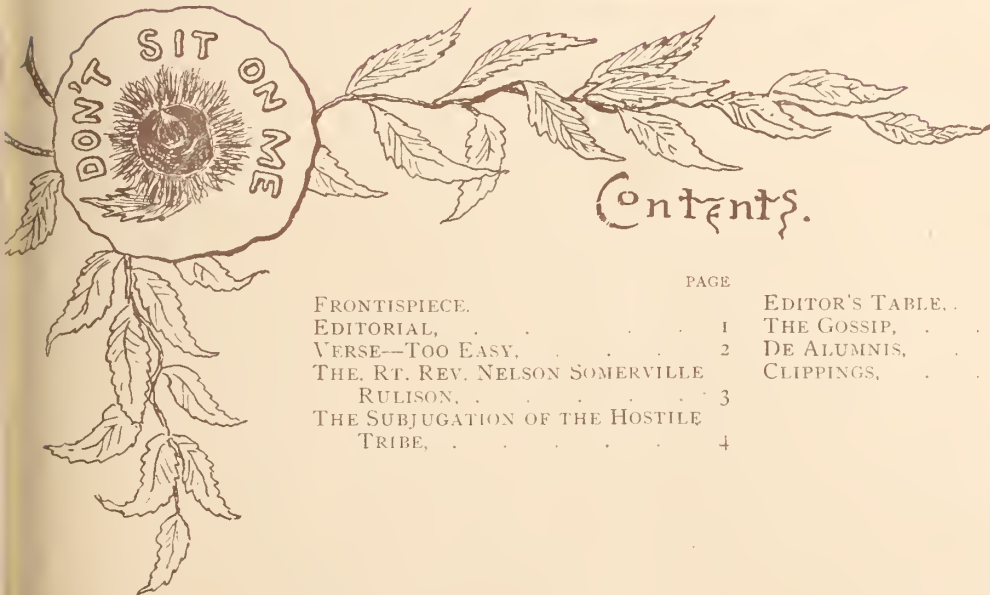
Lehigh

Burns

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By courtesy of The Churchman.

THE RT. REV. NELSON SOMERVILLE RULISON.
A.D. 1842 TO A.D. 1897.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER 8, 1897.

No. 1.

PUBLISHED FORNIGHTLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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ALTHOUGH the death of our late President of the Board of Trustees, and Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, at Manheim, Germany, is now some five weeks past, yet we do not feel it right that such an event should pass by unnoticed in our first issue.

Nearly all of the students, with the exception of the Freshmen, knew Bishop Rulison by sight and had heard him preach, and those of us who had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance will always remember him by his courteous manners.

The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania is not, as many persons erroneously suppose, *ex-officio* President of the Board of Trustees of Lehigh University. Bishop Rulison, however, was chosen as a man eminently fit to fill such an office both by reason of his executive ability and his attributes as a scholar. How well he performed his duties as such we need bring forth no arguments to prove.

We understand that the Episcopal Convention of this diocese meets some time this month to elect Bishop Rulison's successor. May as worthy a man be found to fill his place, one more so it certainly would be difficult to find.

IT is the duty of every man in college to subscribe to THE BURR and pay his subscription promptly. The subscription price is \$2.25 for the year (or \$1.75 if paid before February 1st). Any one not desiring to subscribe

to the paper will please notify the Business Manager, otherwise the subscription for the entire year will be charged.

AT the opening of the first term of College, the question usually asked is, "What kind of a foot-ball team are we going to have?" From the present outlook the team will not be very heavy, but yet, with strong competition for the different places, it will do better than last year. The coach is a foot-ball enthusiast, and is doing all in his power to make a good team. He is a hard, conscientious worker, and we believe before the season is ended that his results will be most gratifying to every one concerned. He knows the game thoroughly, and his style reminds us very much of that of Graves in 1893.

WE would like to call the attention of the Freshmen to a few of their obligations as Lehigh men. The primary object in coming to college is, of course, to get an education. But on the other hand this consists in something more than passing the "exams" in the various subjects on the curriculum. In its broadest sense an education means not only this, but something else besides.

Undoubtedly his studies should occupy the first and foremost place in the disposal of every man's time. If, however, he finds that, after giving due preference to these and pay-

ing his lawful debts, he still has some surplus time or money at his disposal, it surely is better that he should expend them in helping and bettering the college life at Lehigh than in wrecking himself both physically and morally. Every man on entering the University ought to feel desirous of taking a prominent part in some branch of the college life. The athletic teams, college papers, class offices, literary societies, and musical and dramatic associations, all afford ample scope for surplus time and energy and deserve a portion of each student's attention. Every organization has an active and a business end connected with it. Every one should try to hold up one of these ends. Let every Freshman begin *now* and try to do some service, however small, to help along and better the college interests at Lehigh.

THERE is evidently something radically wrong in the existing relations between the students and the townspeople. This was more than usually evident in some of the encounters between the Sophomores and Fresh-

men, just before college opened, when the wholesale arrests made by the police of the Bethlehems, often without sufficient evidence, amply illustrated this fact. Also the scant and unjust hearings given the culprits by the magistrates points strongly to the fact that a student is generally regarded as the lawful prey of anyone.

No doubt there is something to be said on the side of the citizens of the three towns in the way of property destroyed and slumbers ruthlessly disturbed by marauding Underclassmen. However this may be, we would like to call attention to the way in which they do not hesitate to abuse the college men roundly when the occasion offers, and on the other hand, with equal alacrity, jump at the trade Lehigh and the students bring to them. The University and Undergraduates spend together, we should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars per annum. Let some of the persons who feel inclined to rail at them revolve these facts in their wise craniums.

TOO EASY.

IF a man asks a maiden for a kiss,
 And she gives it freely and don't resist,
 Then she's easy and a fool, too,
 And I would drop her, if I were you.

THE RT. REV. NELSON SOMERVILLE RULISON.

ON the morning of Wednesday, September 1st, 1897, the Rt. Rev. Nelson Somerville Rulison, President of the Board of Trustees of Lehigh University, and Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, died at Manheim, Germany.

Ever since last January the state of Bishop Rulison's health had caused great anxiety, and at last it was felt, by his family and friends, that the only thing which could build up the over-worked system was perfect rest and change of air. Accordingly on July 27th he left for Germany on a six months' vacation, accompanied by one of his daughters, Miss Edith Rulison. Here it was hoped that he would be able to recuperate and regain his lost health.

Bishop Rulison was born at Carthage, N.Y., on April 24th, 1842. His father was Hiram Rulison, a civil engineer of that place. He received his early education at the Gouverneur Academy in the town of his birth, and, after completing the course there, he entered the General Theological Seminary of New York, from which he graduated in 1866. He was made deacon by Bishop Cox on May 27th of the same year at Grace Church, Utica, N. Y., and immediately took the position of assistant minister at the Church of the Annunciation in New York City, where he received the priesthood at the hands of Bishop Potter, on November 30, 1866.

In 1867 he became rector of Zion Church, at Morris, N.Y., where he served for two years. In 1869 he undertook the work of starting what afterwards became St. John's Free Church, at the Heights, Jersey City. He was the first rector of St. John's, and had the satisfaction of seeing his charge grow day by day under his able direction until, from almost nothing, he had built up and gathered together a parish which is the one of the most striking examples of the success of the free-church system.

In 1877 he was called to St. Paul's Church,

Cleveland, Ohio, where he remained till he was made bishop. During his priesthood he took a lively interest in diocesan affairs, and represented the Cleveland Diocese in the General Conventions of 1880 and 1883.

In 1884, the work of the large Diocese of Central Pennsylvania having become too onerous for one as advanced in years as Bishop Howe, it was decided to choose a younger man who should be his assistant. Accordingly on October 20th of that year the Rev. Nelson Somerville Rulison was consecrated bishop and immediately assumed the responsibilities of the position. The new bishop took up his residence at South Bethlehem, and on his willing shoulders fell the majority of the work. In 1889 Bishop Howe turned over to his care the whole diocese with the exception of Berks County, and upon his death, in the Summer of 1895, Bishop Rulison succeeded to the see, and made the Church of the Nativity, at South Bethlehem, his pro-cathedral.

Bishop Rulison has always been associated with, and interested in, the cause of education. He helped to build up Kenyon College, and from this institution he received, in 1879, the degree of D.D. He was President of the Board of Trustees and a member of the Executive and Library Committees of Lehigh University up to the time of his death, and was also a trustee of St. Luke's Hospital.

Although one of the younger members, his opinion and advice were always thought highly of in the House of Bishops. He was also a very active member of the Board of Missions.

Bishop Rulison was a familiar figure about the University and in the Bethlehems, and was respected and loved by all who knew him, irrespective of religious views or creed.

He leaves four daughters, three of whom are married.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

THE SUBJUGATING OF THE HOSTILE TRIBE.

An Account of the Lehigh Insurrection.

UPON the top of a gentle slope, in the southern part of the village of South Bethlehem, the traveller beholds a stately building, and, if mayhap he enters and ascends to the second floor, he will find, on the extreme eastern side, a large room filled with those implements of torture known as desks, drawing boards, and T-squares. Know! Gentle reader, that this room is inhabited by a tribe called the Senior M.E.'s.

The tribesmen are fierce and untamed and have been likened unto wild indians by some people. Though unforgiving and implacable to their enemies, they are, in an equal measure, attached to their friends and obey with pleasure the slightest desire of their lawful chieftain, Trebor Kceh. Among the former class, however, there exists a usurper whose cognomen is L. O. Esnad. Just where he originally sprung from nobody knows, history being discreetly silent upon this subject, but various theories have been advanced to account for his existence on the face of the earth. Some assert, on good authority, that he came as a prize in a five-cent package of popcorn; others affirm that he dropped to earth in a chestnut burr, while still others are certain that he was formed in the fire-box of a locomotive from the incombustible material in the coal. The most plausible theory, however, and one which is supported, to a certain extent, by the villain himself, is that he is a satellite of Vulcan, having once been a fireman on one of the infernal machines of the aforesaid god.

The beginning of the feud between Esnad and the Senior M.E.'s dates back about a year and extends up to the present time. At first the only signs of hostility were deep murmurings and dark glances, but, little by little, these grew till at last open skirmishes were of daily occurrence in which sometimes one side and sometimes the other was victorious.

About half a moon ago, however, Esnad undertook to subdue the tribesmen and bend them to his iron will. At first all went well, peace seeming to pervade the war-like breasts, and Esnad fondly imagined that his job was finished. So confident of his victory did he feel that he even boasted to P. Trebmal, one of the chiefs of the tribe of the Asymptotes, that "the indians were subdued." Alas! The fancied peace was but the lull which precedes the storm.

When the news of this rash boast came to the ears of the tribesmen, the smouldering fires of revenge were fanned into flames. The outbreak happened in this wise. Adjoining the spacious hall inhabited by them is the den of Esnad, where he keeps his instruments of torture, and also compels a few of the most unruly spirits to design his infernal machines. One day as he was proudly promenading up and down the large hall he suddenly heard from his den the sound of the war-cry of the tribe, which resembles in some degree the gobble of a turkey. Fearing an insurrection he rushed toward the direction from which the sound came, hoping to quell any slight outburst before it reached serious proportions. No sooner, however, had his carcass disappeared through the doorway than the war-cry began to echo through the vaulted ceiling of the large hall. At this repetition of the dread sound he returned in haste and immediately demanded who had dared to disobey his orders and attempt to cause a mutiny. No answer was given to his demand, so, white with rage, he called for his scroll and quill. When these were brought he addressed the insurgents in the following terms: "Rebels! know that I purpose to find out perpetrator of this overt act of insubordination, yea, even if I must pursue him unto death. Answer, therefore, each one of ye by 'yea' or 'nay,' as I call thy name, whether thou art the

guilty one." Whereupon he began to call the names.

Now the Senior M.E.'s are not what is known in the vernacular as "easy," so, in answer to the queries of Esnad, they each and everyone professed entire ignorance of the misdeed. Finding that it was, as the tribesmen say, "no go," he next told them, with crocodile tears in his eyes, that he was much grieved at their conduct and that they must leave their hall for the afternoon.

One by one they slowly withdrew, deeming it wisest to delay the final struggle till their plans were perfected and their forces better organized. But, just as they left, the earth shook, and there was heard a deafening roar and an enormous crash, and, upon rushing out, the tribesmen beheld a gigantic scaffold in

ruins, which their god had thrown to earth as a token of his displeasure at their unjust treatment at the hands of Esnad. Encouraged by this manifestation of divine favor they took council under their medicine-man, Eck Jackfeldt, and plans were laid, cohorts organized, and spies detailed to watch the villain. As the council of war was held with the utmost secrecy it was impossible to ascertain the day fixed for the final attack, but, judging from the signs, it cannot be far off.

The tribesmen are rapidly arming themselves and the chieftain of all the clans, fearing a revolution, has ordered his two henchmen, Mij Sreym and Kcub, to organize the guard and to quell any hostile movement. Further particulars are inaccessible, but important developments are expected hourly.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THEY say that a woman's character is shown in her children, and in the same way the character of a university is shown by her professors and graduates. If this be so, the position of Lehigh among mechanical schools is unassailable, for what other one has as fine a corps of professors and graduates as Lehigh, as is shown by a partial list of the works that they have published.

Dr. Drown's work on Chemistry is famous. Prof. Merriman's works on the "Mechanics of Materials" and "Hydraulics" are well known. Prof. Klein's "High Speed Steam Engine," and his soon to be published "Governors"; Prof. Franklin's books on Physics; Dr. McFarlane on the Higher Mathematics; the works of Mr. Jacoby of the class of '77, now a professor at Cornell, and the last but not the least, Prof. Lambert on "Analytical Geometry," all speak for themselves. This latest work of one of our professors is one of the best books on analytics that we have ever seen, in fact it is the best. It is clear and concise, and, while including much more than it has been the custom to in-

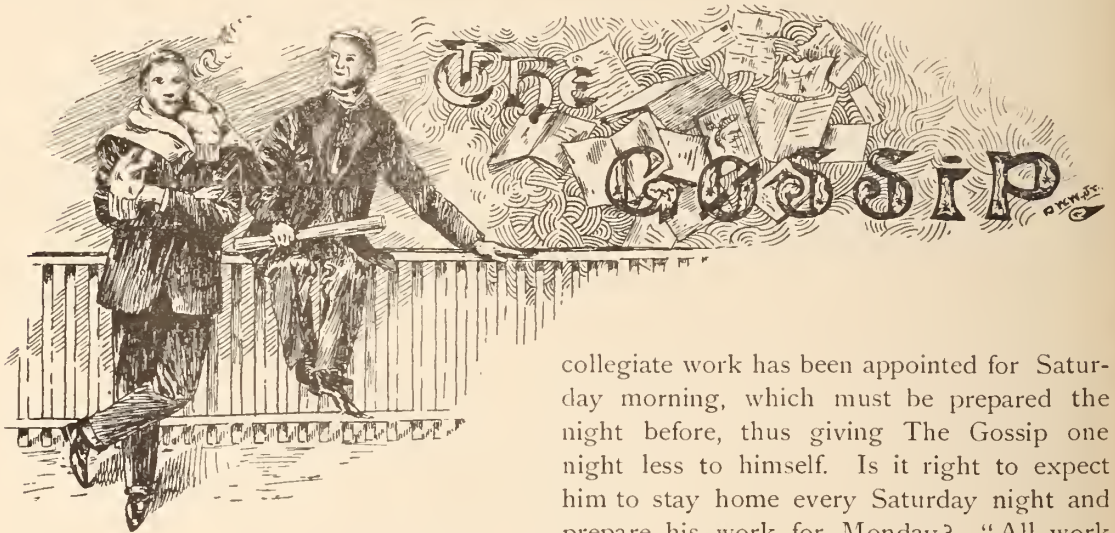
clude in the course, it takes up less space because of the absence of any long dissertations on obtruse points of little importance. The explanation of the tracing and plotting of curves, that most important auxiliary of analytics, is very clear and full, while the treatment of the conic sections and of the equations of the second degree is very good. Altogether the book is sure to become one of the most popular text-books on its subject yet published, and The Table wishes that success both to it and to its author which they so thoroughly deserve.

* * *

Of all the magazines that come to our Table by far the best, as to interior arrangement is the *Red and Blue*, the literary magazine of the University of Pennsylvania. The illustration is good and the type and paper clear. The illustrations of the current number are of old houses in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and are excellent. It has a little piece called "Polyphony," which is very pretty, and which is admirably described by its name. The name comes from two Greek words, and

means literally, many sounds, and "Polyphony," the poem, is a first-class collection of sounding words and nothing more. It describes a young woman of poor moral character, by means of one of the most remarkable systems of rhyming that the brain of mortal man ever invented. The author, though, is like Jean Paul or Carlyle in his treatment of words; whenever he

wants a word to rhyme he makes it do so, exactly as they coined words for themselves. For instance, "bosom" rhymes with "blossom." The author also informs us that in the Spring "the gold stars are bright"—he is evidently not for Bryan. But still the piece is catchy and pretty, and worth reading, if only for its peculiarities.



EVER since college opened, The Gossip has been on the alert to catch the most talked-of topic among his classmates. Nothing that he has heard has caused him to ponder more than the following statement which came to him at the college meeting last Saturday—for, of course, The Gossip was there, he always attends scheduled recitations even when they come on Saturday. The aforesaid statement was that the students should feel that Sunday is a day of rest, a day especially for them, when they can lay aside all collegiate work and requirements and devote their time to things suitable to the day. The Gossip doesn't claim that these are the exact words, but, as near as he can recollect, it is the sum and substance of the remark.

Now this remark has caused him a great deal of perplexity. He reasons this way,

collegiate work has been appointed for Saturday morning, which must be prepared the night before, thus giving The Gossip one night less to himself. Is it right to expect him to stay home every Saturday night and prepare his work for Monday? "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a pet adage of the Gossip's and he thinks there is more truth in it than at first suggests itself.

If The Gossip takes the only night left him for "self indulgence" he must necessarily, according to his reasoning, prepare his work on Sunday. By doing this, it would be impossible for him to devote his time to things peculiar to Sunday, and, at the same time, gain that wished-for rest. Who will help The Gossip out of his dilemma and suggest to him a way in which he may be able to enjoy that day of rest? We all would like to feel that we have a day we can call our own, one in which we may gratify the "inner man."

* * *

In the words of the Holy Writ "your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions." Now The Gossip

does not know exactly in which class to place himself, for age is as delicate a subject with him as with any girl just past thirty. However let that rest. The dream or vision, whichever you may choose to call it, happened in this wise:

One sunny afternoon, not long ago, The Gossip fell asleep on the Campus and dreamt he was living in a period about ten years hence. On all sides were evidences of the "advanced times," and on all sides the place looked different. It was easy to see, however, that there was a new class just entering. But, to The Gossip's amazement, the usual signs of class rivalry were totally absent. No posters greeted his eyes, and upon inquiry, he elicited the information that this foolish custom had been abandoned, because the allusions therein contained were too personal and showed a lack of courtesy to the new members of the University. Also, the familiar strains of the Freshmen's March no longer saluted his ears. This he learned had fallen into innocuous desuetude because it hurt the Freshmen's feelings, and

caused many of the poor creatures to weep with shame. To his surprise, on every side, Sophomores and Freshmen could be seen walking around together arm in arm upon most friendly terms, which reminded The Gossip of the scriptural prophecy, that "the lion and the lamb should lie down together and eat straw." Looking a little further down the Campus, he saw a large group of Underclassmen and immediately suggested that it was "a bully opportunity for a rush." But, to his surprise and consternation, everybody within hearing threw up their hands in holy horror and cried: "What! Have a brutal rush. Oh, Mr. Gossip, how cruel!"

This frightened The Gossip so much that he awoke with a start just in time to see a few Sophomores chasing one poor Freshman off the grass. "Thank God," he murmured, "there are one or two of the good old customs still left." So, thinking it best to take advantage of blessings ere they take their flight, he joined in with the rest and began to call the Freshman names.



—The engagement of M. L. Cooke, '95, to Miss Eleanor Davis, of Germantown, has recently been announced.

—C. P. Nachod, '97, is with the Electro-Dynamic Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

—H. W. Baldwin, '96, is working in the P. R. R. shops, at Altoona, Pa.

—A. F. Loomis, '97, is with the Metropolitan Telephone Co., in New York City.

—W. V. Pettit, '94, is in the employ of Smith, Kline and French, Manufacturing Chemists, Philadelphia, Pa.

—A. E. Yohn, '97, is Assistant Master Mechanic of the Huntingdon and Broadtop Locomotive Works, at Saxton, Pa.

—E. T. Belden, '96, has opened a Consulting Engineer's office, in Stamford, Conn.

—H. H. Seabrooke, '97, is in the employ of the Thomas A. Edison Co., at Edison, N.J.

—H. J. B. Baird, '97, is working at Bayonne, N. J.

—C. M. Barton, '97, is in the employ of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Co.

—L. H. Baldwin, '97, is with the Ingersoll-Sargent Drill Co., Easton, Pa.

—W. H. Miller, '94, is to be married to Miss Emily Grove on the 12th of this month, at the Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pa.

—E. P. Roundey, '97, is Second Assistant City Surveyor of New York City.

—E. A. Grissinger, '94, is to be married to Miss Ash, of Oil City, Pa., on the 27th of this month.

—E. W. Miller, '96, is in the zinc business, at Newark, N. J.

—W. L. Pettit, Jr., ex-'97, is Assistant Inspector of Dams, at Pittsburg, Pa.

—H. L. Bell, '97, is with the Automatic Telephone Co., Chicago, Ill.

—A. L. Saltzman, '97, is working as a draughtsman in New York City.

—W. G. Whilden, '96, has recently been promoted to Manager of the new electric street railway which is being built between Lansford and Tamaqua.

—S. Baldwin, '96, is with the Communipaw Iron Works, Communipaw, N. J.

—L. R. Lee, '97, is in the storage warehouse business, at 18 Worth Street, New York City.

CLIPPINGS.

NOT THIS TIME.

"What shall we drink?" she sweetly said.

"Name it yourself, my pretty maid."

"Champagne, I guess, will do for me."

"Oh, guess again, my dear," said he.

—*Brunonian*.

"I'm a roaring lion, wife," said he

Who long had lingered at the bar;

When she remarked: "It seems to me

A razzled, howling jug-uar." —*Ex.*

A TRIOLET.

Say, what's a smile, say, what's a frown?

Each melts into the other.

When coy love comes half-glancing down,

Say, what's a smile, say what's a frown?

I hail each from her eyes of brown;

Of both I am the lover.

Say, what's a smile, say, what's a frown?

Each melts into the other—*Trinity Tablet*.

AND YET ANOTHER.

A German band once struck our town,

And hit it up quite loudly,

So Johnny went, on pleasure bent,

And listened to it proudly.

He got behind the big bass horn,

To see the tube so bonny;

The air it flew, for 'the German blew,

And the blow almost killed Johnny.

—*The Brunonian*.

A PRINTER'S PRESS.

He was a press man

Tall and fair,

And she a maiden

Debonaire,

So 'tis not strange as

You may guess,

That she received a

"Printer's press."

—*Ex.*

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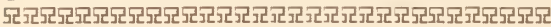
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